Copyrighted 1888.] BETTY.

A Sketch from Low Life.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER. STRONG THE BACKSLIDING OF DRACON BUDGE. AND OTHER STORIES.

"Another brat! pity we can't treat 'em as we would kittens," growled the father. "Never mind the brat, but hurry and get me some whicky," said her mother, and this was

Betty's welcome into the world. But then there was so little room for children in the crazy, ram-shackly tenement-house in which Botty was born. Its halls literally swarmed with them, and one could scarcely slimb the rickety stairs without treading on them. They crewded the doors, and the windows were blocked with their pale, pinched, dirty little

The Brunnell family had its share. Six hungry mouths to feed and six wretched little bodies to slothe somehow, if only with rags, before Betty came.

The father and mother would contrive to scrape enough pennies together to "work the growler' regularly, but they found it hard work to food and clothe their children.

The house in which they lived was one of the werst reputation in the worst quarter of New York. Packed into its foul rooms were the offal and seem of the city. Its halls reeked with disasse and rang with the bideous din of fights

In this herrible stew of humanity, this sink of in, amid squalor, rags and oaths, Betty's baby-

god was passed. When she was six years old she was sent on street to beg. She was a pretty child, with questity of soft, curling, blonde hair, big, innos, blue eyes, and fair skin. People found it and to regist those great, beseeching eyes and the to, thin claw she extended, and many a penby did the small beggar carry home to her desute parents wherewith to procure the neces-

She was a quick, apt ebild, too, and soon leked up the deggerel and siang of the town, and rattled it off for the entertainment of the stars in the corner groggery when she was the a pail of beer.

I prefame songs, which were applauded

me songs, which were applauded de of professional burglars and cut-

older her voice grew stronger sted some marvelous steps in the who hired next the roof, he took to teach her many terpischorean Proud was Betty when she ig in Simmons's saloon, and ader of the Bucko gang, con-

ve she saw her father arassisted her mother in thets which that lady the detectives as they

> s brother, Danny, a gang, shot and he was about one was more is bravery. But was taken to a bye forever, and the dark corridors, ased Betty's girl

on had quite vanhad had every add offer, some way which seemed in-ree sort of modshe would send y, and it was well which she moved id tolerate no fool-

fleent in dancing and it was decided that she a song and dence artist. Her first engagement was in a low, under-

dry skirt she gave her "specialities." But One night, so she was in the midst of her alled them, enter. One, a big, red-faced man, magnificent fur cost, and whose vast examond, specially remarked her. She as used to stares of admiration, but the cool, ng scrutiny of this person was some-

was encored as usual, and as she repeated her effort she saw the man whisp-ring to his companions and pointing her out, and as she made her bow and flung a kiss over the foot-lights, he cried quite audibly, "Gad! what a delicious little beauty—she'll do."

It was but a few moments later that Joe Banks, the keeper of the dive, approached her deferentially conducting the stranger.

"Betty," he said, "'ere's a gentleman as wants

Betty saucily tossed her head as the big man ned his calculating gaze on her and said: "Well, my dear, you dence very well-who

"Old Jerry Spaulding," she answered.
"Den't tell me—poor old beggar—alive yet?"
"Na," said Betty shortly, "he's dead—good see for him, too."

"Yes—yes, I dare say," said the man in an absent-minded manner. "but, my dear, you're too pretty to be throwing away your time in this cussed hole—you must have a better chance. Very likely you've heard of me—Tony Rial—Baker & Rial, you know."

Had not Betty! Baker & Rial, proprietors

the grandest concert and beer garden in the ity. Betty fairly trembled with excitement. "See here, my girl," went on this great man, 'you come to my place to-morrow morning at salf-hast 10 and I'll put you in the way of some-

You may be sure Betty's next jig was danced with light feet and she could not sleep that light for delight and anticipation. At the hour he was appointed she was on time, and the rethe was appointed she was on time, and the retle mark to the contract Mr. Rial had preed for her, by the terms of which she was to sine and dance in his place of amusement for two years. Behold, Betty then transformed. She had singing masters new and a dancing teacher who taught her all sorts of graceful ty, shabby gown with its abominable paper see and tawdry gilt spangles, but was taut and im from head to foot in silken tights and satin as and velves bediese. Her soft blonde air was shortened so that she might enact the ning to perfection. Her killing glances, her

ming to perfection. Her killing glances, her hunty carriage, her extraordinary kicking, her lainty stage strut all speedily became known and "Madamoiselle Betty" was famous. She may petted and quoted and besieged. Chamange flowed like water for her, flowers and mesents were showered en her, but some innate unidealy instinct protected this child of the threats until she was seventeen. Her beauty sow was simply dazzling. She was sequick and there that in two years she had by keen oblever that in two years she had by keen observation learned and improved much. She had sequired a coating of refinement—she had even stepped swearing save on extraordinary occations. She had broken from all her old associone. Her father was still in Sing Sing; her other in-well her mother was dead of alcohola, as the newspapers expressed it, and her others and sisters were scattered far and

y's salary was sufficient to warrant her bly, and even, for her, luxuri She had bowever an mordinate love of ry. She used to stand and stare in the displayed, and fancy herself arrayed in them.
She would long to deck herself in the blazing to make the several with all ter foolish heart.

Sometimes she went to the Park and watched driving. How she envied the beautiful tenen she my relling by in landau or victoria! cart missed. Tears would rush to her eyes she saw lovers strolling along by them-and she would wonder what love could the had the travestie of love often ahe laughed mockingly in the youths who proposed it.

neation at her heart throat, as she noted the bra and a perennial

be her fatel

men, who being bered to death, strolled into the concert hall one night and seeing her, decided that that little beauty should love him.

It was a strange combination. He was the bearer of one of the oldest and proudest names in New York and the content of the oldest and proudest names.

in New York, and she, a daughter of the slums. When her engagement was finished she did not renew it; and now behold Betty again transformed. Her little bands blazed with costly rings; diamonds as big as peas shook in her pink ears: the shapely form was clothed in the most stunning gowns, and she took her siring

overy day in the park in her own victoria.

She was madly happy—intoxicated with bliss.

In love with luxury indeed, but more in love with her handsome, languid lover. He was lazily devoted to her. Stretched on the velvet cushions in her little appartments, idly puffing his eigar he watched with cynical curiosity her pretty transports when he presented her with some new bauble. He found this girl from the people a rather interesting study to him-not half-bad amusement. And she? She wor-

But Betty's dream was to be short. She had fancied in her ignorance that it was to last rever while with him it was simply a new sensation-a fresh experience. One day she ceived a note from her old manager, Mr. Rial. When could be see ner in reference to an engagement! He sincerely hoped she had not given up her career, and so on.

She tossed it to her lover with an amused smile. He read it carefully, then said:
"Better look in on the old duffer, little girl, and see what he's got to offer.'

"To offer?" she repeated wonderingly. "Why, would you be willing I should go back to the stage again?" "Well darling, you see this sort of thing can't always go or, and I should like to know you were in a situation to be comfortable. He carefully avoided looking at her as he

"Poor little devil, it's well she should hear it first as last," he said to himself. She stared at him with wide, frightened eyes. What could be mean? Why could not their 'ass, happy life go on forever in this fash-

to ask him what cruel thing he meant, but lauchne lightly, he put her saids with seoothing careas, saying he only meant to tease her. The next day having been to see Mr. Rial and to tell him that she should not return to the stage for the present, on emerging from the theater she noticed a great throng of people couring into a building near by. Pausing, she asked an officer the attraction?

"It's the picture, Miss," he answered, touching his bat. "The picture! what picture!"
"It's a grand picture of the Savior. Miss.
that's now on exhibition in that same building,"

Betty started a little-hesitated-then said to her ceachman: "You can wait here-I am going to look at

She came into a large room, darkened save for a flood of light which poured down directly spon the great canvas stretched out before her. Little groups of people were sitting about, ladies, workingmen, business men, and as Betty sat down her Parisian gown brushed the folds of the dress of a Sister of Charity. I am not going to describe this picture. It is

enough to say that it was a representation of the supreme agony of the Divine One. Betty had heard of God. She had a vague, indefinite idea that there was someone far away that ruled the universe. She had never heard Him referred to save by the oaths of the Bucko gang, or by the skeptietal allusions of her lover and his friends. She had never heard the story of the tragedy depicted before her, and waited impatiently to hear what the elerical-looking man who was about to explain it had to say / He told in a simple, straightforward, earnest and vet dramatic manner the story of that stupendous sacrifice. Many of his hearers were visibly affected, and Betty?

As in a dream she had heard him, never removing her eyes from that awful, anguished face. She felt as if she were turning to stone as she sat there and heard the story of the cruci-

"He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," concluded tho peaker, and Betty rose with the others and vent mechanically out, and it was not until she saw her coachman staring in amazement at her that she realized that her cheeks were wet with

That evening her lover gave a supper in her apartments to a few choice spirits. Amidst the popping of champagne corks, loud laughter and suggestive conversation, Betty saw constantly that tortured, pallid face. Turn where she would, she could not escape its awful potency. The next day and the next, and many a day after that Betty went to look at the picture. It floated before her when she walked the crowded streets, and when she was alone that face haunted her, and in the still watches of the

night it seemed to look at her with sad, re-These were days of sore trial to Betty. Her seen eyes noted that she was fast losing the love that was more than life to her. He was growne tired of this entanglement, and was preparng to break it off. She saw his indifference, his lassitude. At times she fiercely resented it and prepared to battle for his love, then again sank into apathetic despatr and allowed him to drift further away. At length the break came

There was nothing for Betty but to go back to her singing and dancing. But the charm of her piquant individuality was gone. How could she sing and dance while her heart was break-

As often as possible she stole in to look at her beloved picture. "He suffered, too," she would say to herself, and in her unlettered way she framed a little prayer, which she used to repeat each time she went. Finally it seemed to poor. simple Betty that the face no longer looked reproachfully at her, but that at times it seemed

The winter rolled by, and the spring came, bringing all sorts of sad remembrances to Betty. A year ago she paw him first-she recalled their meeting, and the time when he told her how he loved her, and how happy he would make her. A great sob rose in the girl's throat, but she

as she sat in the park this balmy May after-She had walked a long ways, and was tired, and sat resting now and watching the children at play on the green close by. Rosy-cheeked boys lay sprawling on the grass, and babies eaped and crowded in their nurses' arms. One tiny morsel of humanity had escaped from its nurse, arm was toddling along by itself in great glee. It was a gala day, and the park was filled

Suddenly above the crash of the band there cose a cry of horror. A runaway horse came nadly plunging down the roadway. People fied in all directions, shricking with fright. The vicious animal, mad with terror and with the poise and din, charged straight down upon the lot of ground where the children were playing. Directly in his path stood the tiny, sweet-faced girl-in another instant the little would have been crushed out -when suddenly there sprang for-ward a girl with set, white features. She snatched the baby and tossed it out of dangerthen went down under the flying brute, but even as the iron hoofs beat upon her brain she saw

the face illumined with a nameless light, and it smiled tenderly in her dving eyes. They lifted her, bleeding, mangled and sense eas from the ground-the police drove back the frenzied crowd, and a big officer raised the pretty head on his knee. "No use," he muttered, "its all over for her,

A carriage drove bastily up, and the rescued hild was handed by its sobbing nurse to the distracted mother, who had witnessed the whole cene from a short distance.

A tall, handsome man leaped from the same carriage and pushed his way through the excited

He came upon her lying there—he saw the soft blonde hair he had so often caressed all matted with blood and dirt-the little hands he ad so often kissed clenched in the agony of "Betty!" he groaned, as he knelt beside her

nd lifted her in his arms. "Betty, was it you that saved my child?" She opened her eyes and looked for an in-"Your child-your child." she sighed. Then se the truth penetrated her dulled senses, with gentle smile she passed into the presence of

Him "who was wounded for our transgressions

and bruised for our iniquities." Sam Small and the Jugwamp.

Sam's Sermon in Pittsburg. These swill-headed, pimple-nosed, whiskysoaked bums say that Sam Small is a crank. To them I say: "Yes, thank God, that's what he is. What are you!" In nine cases out of ten he is ashamed to tell what he is. He generally is nothing. I'd rather be called a crank a thousand times than be called what a number of you people in East Liberty ara. I'd rather be a crank than a jugwump. A jugwump is one of those old, cadaverous-looking, pious-appearing men who walks into church with a saintly air, as if he had a pair of wings on under his coat. He takes a seat in the amen corner, and might look heavenly, but he doesn't smell it. His mouth amelle like a bunghole of a whisky-barrel. What ousiness has a Christian got sucking a bottlef His excuse is that St. Paul told Timothy to take some for his stomach's sake. Your stomachs bonate nature, no get a perennial chronic ache. It's wonderful about an experience he had at Atlanta a few lf you would examine them you would find that years ago. He and a party of friends had gone they don't know anything cles in the Bible except what St. Paul told to Timethy.

Some of his fellow-delegates tells a good story about an experience he had at Atlanta a few years ago. He and a party of friends had gone they don't know anything cles in the Bible except what St. Paul told to Timethy.

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Fritten for the Sunday Journal. Ver Linsoln She brought a splendid wreath of rese bade white, And laid them by a tomb, One on whose cheeks the dusky shades of night Melted in quadroon bloom.

She, she was young. Naught of remembrance dread. Sad slavery could trace, The cycling suns that circled 'round her head Told freedom for her race. Why bringest thou this wreath of flowers to-day?

An armless veteran said;
"Tell me that I upon his tomb may lay
The crowning for your dead." "Yea, thine and mine! For martyred Lincoin's bier, I wrought in sunlight fair. Although his ashes may not slumber here,

His soul is everywhere! What mattered it if on an unknown grave Her tribute dear was laid.

While pean ringing from each costly nave For all! His great soul, reaching far and wide Embraced in one grand plan
The Fatherhood of God—in faith he died—

And brotherhood of man! -E. S. L. Thompson. WINCHESTER, IND.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Like sweet bells set to happy tunes On restful Sabbath afternoons, So all of life's remembered Junes Are bound by bird songs, those to these Whose throbbing chords, on minor keys, Awake the old-time melodies.

Too glad for tears, too sad for song.
They are the gladdest, saddest throng
That fancy feigns when days grow long, And nights grow splendid; all the air Is heavy with the smell of rare June fragrances that breathe of prayer.

Great clouds of incense freighted bloom Awaken, with their blent perfume, Vague whispers in a darkened room— For May is dead, and on the wet Moss rose bud's lashes tremble yet The diamonds of a vain regret.

Now, when the shine and shadow meet, There falls upon the yellow wheat That bring the early harvest rain, The tear-drops of a nameless pain, For days that never come again.

As sunshine upon golden sheaves. Or dew-drops upon dead rose leaves. The dreams the loom of summer weaves Glow with the giory loving lends, Or drop like kisses over friends When rest begins and labor ends. -Edwin S. Hopkins.

En Route to Shiloh. [Impromptu lines written by Henry B. Hibben, chaplain United States navy, upon the deck of the steamboat "John J. Roe," one of the fleet that trans-

month of February, 1862.] The soldiers of the Union, And 'mid the snows of winter So nobly fought, and won-All loyal men and free. Are on an unknown journey Far up the Tennessee.

> A hundred steamers crowded From upper deck to hold, Move up the swelling river, Gainst current strong and bold. Horse, rider, mule and driver, And regiments of men. Lie down at night to slumber In one one capacious den!

No one of all our number Can tell us, whither bound. Where we shall meet our foemen. When hear the cannon sound, The signal of the onset, Or when the rebel yell Shall break with fiendish fierceness From wooded field or fell.

"Come hither." said a soldier, With trembling voice and low, Who lay half dazed with fever In the sick bay of the Roe.
"I dreamed of home, this morning,
Sweet home I long to see; I clasped the hand of mother, And saw her smile on me.'

Mother afar art pining For him thy gallant son, Who, 'neath the starry banner, To the battle-field has gone. Perhaps e'en now thou prayest God bless the absent one! And he lies there so lowly. His life-work nearly done.

Still, up the foaming river Our fleet moves slowly on; The flag of stars above us Shines in the setting sun. Thus the army of the Union-Grant's brave and loyal free-

Go on their unknown journey Far up the Tennesse. Written for the Sunday Journal. Spring Poetry.

On the property possesser now the wicked old asses-Steals with watchful eye and stealthy, catlike tread, But the honest old p. p. soon lets the villain see What a good thing 'tis to have a level head. So he smiles on the assessor, does the property pos-

And he bids him take a seat and rest a while. is look is mild and frank as the o. a. fills the blank With an honest valuation of his pile. 'Have you stocks or bonds!" "Not any-that is, that's worth a penny.'

"No horses, cows, or sheep, or mules, or asses; No dogs of either sex!" "Sir, my wife won't let 'em vez her." And so clean down the list he passes.

"Oh, that old plug is Josie's, and the cow is Uncle Mose's, But if you want to, why, just put 'em down. That dog! Oh, he's a stray Tom found the other Some farmer lost him, I expect, in town."

"You won't take that old phaeton, the one that John Waal, put her in, we'll say, at fifteen dollar That crazy old pianner? It b'longs to Sister Hanner. Taint hardly worth a box of paper collars.

My watch! 'Twas bought for gold, but then its I've tried to give the old thing to the boys.

The one that Josie carries! I reckon that is Harry's,

Her besu, that's him out in Illinois.

'Waal, yes, I guess that's fair;" and then he takes a To the lies he's told about his pelf and plunder, and the wicked old assessor leaves the property pos-Thinking, "Can't some honest people lie like thun-

COLUMBUS, May 26. Written for the Sunday Journal. A Lament. Each day in the papers I see Neat verses and rhymes by the score; Why is it they come no to me? I've knocked at the fair muses' door: I walk while I'm longing to soar,
My rhymes with the sense will not mate: In vain do I moan and deplore-

Must commonplace prose be my fate? With Herrick and Praed I am free. Know Dobson and Lang to the core; In each I have searched for the key; Alas! I'm worse off than before. I've delved into picturesque lore, Gone deep into method and gait. My Pegasus, will you not go on? Must commonplace prose be my fate!

I've scribbled of land and of sea. Of meadow, of dell, and of shore; Of maidens the fairest that be, Of lovers that pleaded and swore; Yet somehow my lines are a bore, At least to my critic Miss Kate. Who says she will read them no more ...

Must commonplace prose be my fate? Ensoy. Alas that it's so. Once of vore Not sense to the song did relate. When ladies some sympathy wore Not commonplace prose was our fate!

Written for the Sunday Journal. Violets and Roses. Violets of amethyst. Deepest, darkest blue In the morning newly kissed By the loving dew; These to many a one may be Sweet as summer skies. But the violet for me Is in some one's eyes.

Roses richest pink or rei, Fragrant, large or small Wasting odor overhead Or upon the wali; These upon some maiden breast Unsaid words may speak, But the rose that I love best Blooms in some one's cheek.

Colonel Ray's Slip of the Tongue.

New York Evening Sun. An interesting figure in the Methodist con-ference is Col. John W. Ray, of Indianapolis, who succe ded to the seat of ex-Lietenant-rovernor Cumback. He has a shrill, penetrating voice, and, like other lawyers in the conference, talks on about every subject that comes up.

to address a colored congregation in one of the large churches of the city. To Colonel Ray was assigned the duty of offering the closing prayer. It was his purpose to conclude the invocation in this fashion: "Bring us all at last, white and black, no wanderer lost, into the bloodwashed throng," but an unfortunate slip of the tengue converted the final words into "the white-washed throng." The colored brethren started in wonder and the prayer came to a spaden end.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The full undraped back is seen on many new owns from the best houses. Long white ostrich plumes will be worn upon many of the stylish "picture bats" during the

The secordion-pleated skirt that opens or shuts with each step of the wearer is much liked for the new mobair stuffs. The useful blouse waists are now made in blue

or pink as well as scarlet surab, and worn with see skirts for the house. Simple woolen mantles are trimmed down the front and around the neck with a knife-pleating of silk of the same color.

Many long loops of ribbon falling from the throat and caught in at the waist are supposed to give style to cotton morning gowns. Overskirts are not cut in set fashion any more, drapery being obtained by tacking the breadths of the gown to the foundation quite at

taste, caprice or convenience. The house-bodice, now so much to the fore, is not much but a yoke with a full ruffle sewed upon it, the ruffle long enough to come six inches below the belt, four on the hips and five Big aprons of spotted cream mull, lace-edged

and finished with a sash of pongee or moire, are worn at breakfast or ites time by fashionable young women, and are simply too fetching for anything. An observant critic says anent the "Spanish poke:" "It is impossible to wear a veil gracefully with the uncouth shape—the effect being al-

ways that of a fly-net draped across a Dutch Fashion now allows a length of broad lace—so it be of good quality the kind is immaterial—to be draped about the shoulders and simply knotted at the breast, as a finish to almost any half

dress gown. New York Post: Many women who have graceful figures will wear, upon the promenade and for visiting, atylish toilets with very deep pointed waists, to which are applied full skirts laid in flat pleats from front to back, the pleats over the slight tournure increasing in width to give additional fullness.

Among the elegant novelties for traveling wear are dust cloaks made of twilled silks of extremely firm texture and admirable coloring. These protective wraps are made like the Kilarney or Irish peasant cloaks of blush worn last winter. They are smocked around the throat and hang straight, the wrap reaching to the foot of the skirt all around. They are simply bemmed and fastened with moire ribbons at the throat. A few are finished with a hood at the back. Russet-brown, dark terracotta, dove-gray and olive are favorite colors for

It is evident that a host of fancy wrappings will be seen at the watering-places this summer —bodices shaped with wings and short postilion backs, and small pelerines and mantalets of every style, but all partaking of the visite shape. with fronts long or short. This sort of wrap does not seem likely to be abandoned, but it is almost exclusively the property of married women, whether youthful or matronly, and is never worn by young girls, who select jackets resembling those worn with riding habits, natty English short coats, and glove-fitting French redingotes for traveling and long walks in the

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. The Popular Writer's Recollections of Her

Childhood. Being born on the birthday of Columbus seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable lrish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes and salt fish on voyages of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station (Boston) now stands. Many an important picase have I had on the dear old Boston Common, with strange boys, pretty babies and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after. On one occasion the town-crier found me fast asleep at 9 o'clock at night on a doorstep in Bedford street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfound-land, who was with difficulty persuaded to re-lease the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there. I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept

more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better friend than that noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully. My father's school was the only one I ever went to, and, when this was broken up because he introduced methods now all the fashion, our lessons went on at home, for he was always sure of four little pupils who firmly believed in their teacher, though they have not done him all the credit he deserved. I never liked arithmetic or grammar and dodged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill which made the dullest charming and useful. "Pilgrim's Progress," Krum-macher's "Parables," Miss Edgeworth, and the best of the dear old fairy tales made that hour the pleasantest of our day. On Sundays we had a simple service of Bible stories, hymns, and conversation about the state of our little

consciencies and the conduct of our childish ives, which never will be forgotten. Walks each morning round the Common while in the city and long tramps over hill and dale when our home was in the country were a part of our education, as well as every sort of housework, for which I have always been very grateful, since such knowledge makes one independent in these days of domestic tribulation with the help who are too often only hindrances. Needlework began early, and at ten my skillful sister made a linen shirt beautifully. while at twelve I set up as a doll's dressmaker, with my sign out and wonderful models in my winlow. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time to the great dismay of the neigh-bors' hens, who were hotly hunted

down that I might tweak out their downlest feathers to adorn the doll's headgear. Active exercise was my felight from the time when a child of six I drove my hoop around the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to party in the evening.

* * Emerson remained my beloved "Mas-

ter" while he lived, doing more for me, as for many another young soul, than he ever knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a good, great man untempted and unspoiled by the world, which he had made nobler while in it, and left richer when he went. The Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthorne's, and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions. At sixteen began to teach twenty pupils, and for ten years learned to know and love children. The story writing went on all the while with the usual trials of beginners. tales told the Emersons made Fairy the first printed book, and "Hospital Sketches" the first successful one. Every experience went into the cauldron to come out as froth, or evaporate in smoke, till time and suffering strengthened and clarified the mixture of truth and fancy, and a wholesome draught for children began to flow pleasantly and profit

Hetty Green's Thrift.

New York Letter. Mrs. Hetty Green's operations and investments are enormous. She is extremely econom ical. She held Reading bonds, but refused to come in under the plan of reorganization till the last moment. She walked into the office of Brown Bros. carrying a dilapidated bag that might possibly, from appearances, contain an old maid's lunch. It held \$100,000 worth of Reading bonds. She is fearless, and carries around a fortune as she would a pair of blue woolen stockings to be worn over her shoes in spow-storms.

"Here are my bonds," she said to the clerk. The time for depositing them had expired in "Can't receive them here, madam:" said the clerk, politely. "We would have to send them to Philadelphia. You have only one day more

"What would it cost to send \$100,000 worth there?" she asked. "One hundred and ten dollars," was the answer. It was worth that much for service and "What!" she exclaimed, eyeing him sharply. "One hundred and ten dollars, and the fare there is only \$2.50! I will go myself." And she did. She is one of the few successful women

Probably Not.

speculating in Wall street.

THE LATEST PASHIONABLE FAD.

contents against her chin, and cast up her eyes

The pose was unmistakable. The surround

ing men looked on with curious smiles. In-

luckily for the impressiveness of the situation the train swung around the Fourth-street curve.

The bishop's widow was buried against a firm

and friendly man, with wide enough shoes to

Altogether, it was one of those little episodes

that enliven elevated travel. As it happened

the widow's seat was next the Irish woman, who

had by this time forgotten her pains. At Hous-

ton street a forlorn-looking working girl came

in. The Irish woman glanced concernedly up

"Ye don't look able to stand. Jis, rest ye

The surrounding group of men again took in

"The religious in its relation to fashionable

ife. You know the plain, matter-of-fact, sim-

oly-do-your-duty sort of religion has all gone

found in what is known as 'drawing-room work.'

"I once went to a parlor talk, given, I think,

That was the beginning, but the difference

s emphasized by the different names. 'Draw-

ing-room work' represents the top wave of re-ligious feeling, and has not so much reference

to the quality of the feeling as to the quality of

its possessors, many of whom belong to the now

"This special organization is under the charge

of Mrs. Bottome, whose husband was or is a

Methodist minister. It has been in existence

several years and is so far an organization that

it possesses 200 camp chairs and as many copies

of gospel hymns, which are carried from one

magnificent residence to another as these meet-

ings take place. But its influence has become

much wider and a species of branch societies

has arisen elsewhere under some common bond.

woman you find her nervous-I have followed

this thing up with some interest inasmuch as

their emotions are in such direct relation to

women's nervous centers. One of these meetings will be a fair example of all. The room was dimly lighted. Mrs. Bottome held a central

seat. About her were grouped some low chairs

and hassocks. The rooms were speedily crowd-

ed; there was no sound but the rustle of rich

Presently three young, well-known and

ashionable women entered and grouped them-

selves on these low seats about Mrs. Bottome.

gazing into her face with rapt glances during

she is only one against a thousand who can't

"She is not sentimental. She speaks brusque-

"I give Mrs. Bottome the credit of being one

"As women are my specialty-and scratch a

in an adoring attitude.

thank him.

and down.

the liberty.

- 's Mission.

pathological interest."

by Mrs. Van Cott.

the entire meeting.

astonished themselves.

"What is the phase?"

the formalities of church architect

Emetional Religion the Present Dissipation Among the Feminine "Quality. New York Graphic.

In the Elevated train during the crowded morning hours there entered what Mr. Gargery would be made in six days. would call "a fine figger of a woman" in widow's weeds. These were rendered more emphatic by a broad, overlying collar of white lawn and wide, turned-back cuffs of the same material. "The widow of a bishop at least," one man whispered behied his friendly newspaper. aroused for forty-eight hours. As she made her way through the aisle in an impressive and self-conscious way an Irish woman nursing a basket sent forth literally an

A SAILOR'S YARN.

unholy howl. The inference was that the bishop's widow had trod on the Irish foot. The Big Bird That Attempted to Fly Away Her face flushed. She raised her hand and with a Bor. caught hold of a tiny purple ribbon. There was a metallic gleam. She rested her hand and its

an Francisco Examiner. Periodically some ship from southern latitudes brings home a story of enormous birds that have been encountered during the the voyage. As the encounter, as parrated, usually consists of nothing more than the sight of the birds the statements are passed by as seamen's yarns, or, if the auditor is more charitable, he decides that the narrator has seen a rather large albatross, which, by the light or the condition of the ensure a footing, the purple ribbon with its metallic pendant danced in the air, and she was air was made to appear of enormous size and strange color. A few years ago a ship brought steered opportunely into a seat which one of the men offered, and for which she neglected to to this port a curious monster bird which had been found floating dead in the sea. It was pronounced a condor-a bird found only among the oftiest peaks of the Andes. It had probably been injured high up in the air in a fight with one of its own kind, and had fallen into the sea. The birds the sailors tell about are such as might come from a cross of the albatross and the condor, if such a cross were possible, except for the size, which is greater than that of either.

A strange story told by Captain Putt, of the British ship Talisman, which came around Cape here." She drew her knees together, pushed aside the dress of the bishop's widow and pulled the gird down onto the space between the seats for which the little dividing rail allows. The Horn from Liverpool, makes it appear possible that the stories of the sailors may not be all expishop's widow was now recovered sufficiently aggerations or inventions. "The ship," said Captain Putt, "had a hard time from the start. from her confusion to show her annoyance at We had to do a lot of repairing at the Falkland islands, after going through a gale that almost sent her to the bottom. From the Horn up to the little scene. At Chatham square the bish-op's widow arose, having regained her impresthe Chilian coast we floundered in a changing siveness, and went out, pausing to ask the trainman if that was the station for the St. gale for two weeks. One day the mate's son, a lad of about fifteen, was thrown by a lunge o the ship from his seat on a crosstree into the water. The boy was wrapped in a big son'wester. A sailor named Banning saw that the boy could In the train was a well-known woman physician who had seemed entertained by the affair. "What did all that performance mean?" she not swim wrapped up as he was, and leaped into the water after him. The sea water in this neighborhood is so cold that a man cannot live "It is a present phase in which I am very much interested. I think it will yet prove of much longer than twenty-five or thirty minutes

"The attention of every man on board was given to the two men in the water, but when one sailor raised his eyes and saw an enermous bird making direct for the boy he emitted a cry of terror, which was joined in by every one as soon as they saw it. It did not resemble a out. The present form is emotional, and has various attitudes. The luxury of religious emotions can't be satisfactorily realized in a cloud, nor did it carry a rock in its talons, but heterogeneous audience on Sunday and among it was an enormous creature that no two men stances. When Banning raised his eves and saw the bird, his first thought was to turn ground and make for the ship. Fear took possession of him, and his strokes grew less

"Seeing Banning's danger, James Gray jumped in after him. Just as he reached the water the great creature reached the boy, who was growing very faint. At first the bird seemed undetermined what to do. It pecked at the boy about the body, heeding not the shouts of the sailors who sought to frighten it away. "It was some time before a boat could be low ered, and by the time it was let into the water and manned the boy had gone down once. His sudden disappearance surprised the bird, which was about to turn its attention to Banning. when the boy came to the surface again. I ran to my cabin and returned with a rifle to shoot the bird should it grow ugly. When I got on deck the first thing I saw was the strange creature rising in the air with the boy, and its mate, which suddenly appeared, almost as large, was attacking Banning. He was on his back, dodging the beak of his adversary and swimming toward the vessel with all his might. I was never more excited in my life. I hardly knew what to do. The boy was being carried away, and was up thirty or forty feet in the air.
"Shoot the bird,' yelled the mate, running

about the deck like a crazy man, and shouting at the top of his voice orders that were not obeyed. In shooting, I of course ran the risk of cilling the boy instead of the big bird, if, indeed he was not killed by the fall; but there was not much time to think of this; the bird was still rising, and after a basty aim I fired. of those extremely, healthy, well balanced women who is able to stand this sort of thing without injuring her mind or her body. But "It was an excellent shot. A wing fell help-less, as if I had broken it, and then the bird tumbled down into the water. The second bird. when it saw the boat approach. left Banning and made a fierce attack on one of the boatmen. striking him with its foot a blow that felled

y and to the point. She tells blunt truths, him to the bottom of the boat. Another of the and illustrates them with pathetic little crew raised an oar and hit the bird with all his anecdotes. She uses her hands and arms con-stantly, and gets a good deal of exercise one way or another during this subdued hour. might, when it flew away. "Banning, Gray, and the boy were picked up. The latter was unconscious, but after a good rubbing was brought to. Banning was bleeding about the face and more or less injured Unhappily, she can't bestow her physique and her sturdy mind on her hearers—these lauguishing young maids and matrons about her knees, about the body. The wounded bird fought and who cling to her as a sort of hair shirt. She tells one of her little stories, and under the victously when an attempt was made to capture it. It was finally lassoed and taken aboard. influence of the moment some of the women Three weeks afterward it died, and it is now at yield to an expansiveness which, when they had Valparaiso being stuffed. The boy said that been braced up by a hearty lunch, must have before he went down be felt himself losing consciousness and grabbed at the enormous "Now, all this has been preliminary to another bird that was hovering over him. He caught arge association. It has most attractive featits feet and held on with the grip of a drowning

ares. It is just the sort of thing that 999 men man. He partially regained his senses in the in 1,000 would agree was eminently womanly and fitting. But I am not a man, and I don't air, but thought be was higher up then he really was and did not dare to let go. care a twopence for the ideal. I believe in doing all the good you can and saying nothing about "I have seen many big condors and other large birds," continued the Captain, "but never it, as some one wise man has said before me. any winged thing as large as this. The stretch Our friend the bishop's widow, who performed of its wings was over fourteen feet. The head her little act in the car, is a representative of and neck were destitute of feathers, and the the new religious phase. The Irish woman who former, which was much flattened, was skinned gave a tired girl the edge of a seat is an oldand bleeding. It had the big, strong beak of ashioned person. The ethics and astheties of an albatross, and the plumage, though some-what darker, was not unlike that of the latter the situation you are as good a judge of as L
"But as a woman and physician I deplore all bird. Its feet were only partially webbed. Dur-ing the time we had it on board and until it died this religious self-consciousness and habits of introspection. It soon becomes morbid. I don't it was not seen to eat, but it slept constantly, believe it is any more wholesome to be always

and it took some rough handling to awaken it."

A GRIEF-STRICKEN DOG.

Master When Arrayed in Fine Clothes.

A cattle man from Arizona, William Wilson

Resartus." For the animal flaunts a true Car-

lylean contempt for the fripperies of civilization

Mr. Wilson sent Nugget, the dog, to board

with a dog fancier in a canine boarding house.

his cowboy's rig for new clothes of the latest

cut. The next day he called on Nugget, but Nugget would have none of

him. The master whistled to the dog.

petted him, and made every effort to

make him understand that affection was not

changed, even though clothes had been. The

the place of the broad-brimmed slouch to which

he had been accustomed, sniffed at the dude-like

cane, and surveyed the light trousers from sev-

eral points of view, and then walked off to the

corner of the room, lay down, and gave a long

mournful howl. Mr. Wilson tried to coax him

out of the corner, but could not. Nugget would

look up at him with a knowing expression in

his eye, and occasionally give the feeblest little wag to the end of his tail, but he could not be

induced to reconsider his evident determination

not to recognize his master in any such ridicu-

Mr. Wilson went to his hotel, donned his

cowboy's rig again, and then returned to Nug-

get's quarters. The instant the dog saw him

he was almost wild with joy, and his delight at

seeing his master again clothed as he thought a

The Lady Clerks at the Capital.

The sexes are mixed together in the govern-

ment work, and the desks of the ladies stand

side by side with those of the gentlemen. Some

of the old lady clerks are fine looking, and there

is one gray-baired lady of the Treasury whose

busband was Lieutepant-governor of Ohio, and the daughter of a Minister to Mexico works

within the same walls. There is a fine-looking

old lady in the Pension Office who boasts of be-

ing a great grandmother, and who was the first

woman clerk ever elected by a Legislature in

The lady clerks of Washington dress well. As

a rule they keep themselves posted on topics of general interest, and they are good talkers. Many of them are employed in the Post-

office Department, and they do the most

of the dead-letter office business. Every year

office. The ladies look over these letters, de-

cipher their contents and send them where they should go. One set open the letters, another set

read and sort them, and another examines and

redirects them to their proper places. Every year there is from \$30,000 to \$40,000 in these let-

ters , and a year ago the letters which came to

the dead-letter office contained drafts and

money-orders to the amount of \$1,500,000.

Eighty four thousand letters contained postare-

stamps and 25,000 contained articles of merchan-

ters a day which come into this office, and the

dise. There are on the average about 15,000 let-

about 5,000,000 letters come to the dead letter

man ought to be was almost unbounded.

ous attire as that.

Washington Letter.

dog looked up at the silk hat which had taken

and then went to a clothing store and exchange

and the useless adornment of clothes.

acts which we all are bound to render one an-A Cowboy's Dog Would Not Recognize His other in this vale of tears into waves of religious New Orleans Times-Democrat. by name, has just come down to the city and brought with him a dog that would have de-lighted the heart of the author of "Sartor ACROSS PLAINS ON HORSEBACK,

Wonderful Trip from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo., in 1851. Among the deeds of early life in the West, the famous ride of F. X. Aubrey, from the plaza of Santa Fe to the public square of Independence, Mo., as a physical achievement stands without an equal. Indeed, it is doubtful if the history of the world can present a parallel to that great ride of 800 miles, through a country overrun with bostile Indians, a large part of the distance being through sandy deserts and leading across rivers, mountain and prairies, with only

contemplating your moral and spiritual insides

than your lungs or heart or stemach. Every medical school will warn you against that. Nor

do I believe in transmuting those little kindly

the sky for a covering and the earth as a resting An old resident of this city, who used to know

Aubrey very well, in a conversation recently, "When I first met Aubrey, about 1848, he was a young man of thirty-five, the perfect picture of health and strength. Short, rather heavy set, weighing about 160 pounds, he had an honest, open countenance, and was one of the rising men of the plains. He was a French Canadian, came to St. Louis in 1840, and very soon afterward engaged in business as a Santa Fe trader, making trips to Santa Fe from Independence Mo., and spending the larger part of his time in the saddle. He was a noted horseman, and spared neither man nor beast when on a journey. Everything he did was done

"Aubrey made two rides alone from Santa Fe to Independence. The first was on a wager of \$1,000 that he could cover the distance in eight days. He succeeded in reaching his destination three hours before the expiration of his time. He killed several horses in the ride, and it is said that the death of one borse on the way obliged him to walk twenty-five miles to Connei Grove, carrying his saddle on his back, before he found another. He was the lion of the day at St. Louis and Independence after this ride. There were many powerful men and many good riders in those times, but not one of them dared to attempt to beat Aubrey's record. He determined to beat it himself, and on a second wager he left Santa Fe in 1851, and gave the severest test of human endurance I have ever

"I was on my way to Santa Fe (it was thirtyseven years ago) with a train of twenty-five wagons filled with merchandise, and knew nothng of his design. When we were at the Rabbit Ears, about one hundred miles from the old Spanish city, we saw a man approaching in a weeping gallop, mounted on a yellow mare and eading another. As he came nearer, mistaking us for Indians, he whirled and retreated fifty or eixty yards, then turned to take a second look. Our wagons coming round a hill proved that we were friends, and putting spure to his steed, he dashed past, merely nodding his head as the dust flew into our faces. It was a great surprise to me for Aubrey to treet a friend in that style, but when I reached Sants Fe I understood it. Every moment was precious. It was the supreme effort of his life. Night and day he

rushed on. Six horses dropped dead as he rode "His own beautiful mare, Nellie, the one he was riding when he passed our party and one of the finest pieces of horsesfiesh I over saw, quivered and fell in the agonies of death at the end of the first 150 miles. Several splendid horses know how to keep a secret.

had been sent ahead and stationed at differen Aubrey. He would have sacrificed every horse in the West if necessary to the accomplishment of his design. It was not money he was after, but fame. He had laid a wager that the trip

"At the end of five days and thirteen hours, exhausted and fainting, he was taken from a torse that was trembling from head to foot and covered with sweat and foam, at the southwest corner of the present square of Independence. He sank into a stupor, from which he was not

> I ate down town at lunch. I'm afraid they are not very digestible."

me to-night

New York Sun.

Fair aud Square. New York Sun. Dominie (to hatel clerk)-I s'pose you here special rates for preachers! Hotel Clerk-No, we treat everybody alle here. All we ask is that he behaves himself and respects the rules of the house.

HUMOR OF THE DAT.

Mrs. Christopher Cross-This is a pretty that of night for you to come home!

Mr. Chris Cross-'Sh, m' dear! Ain't home yet. Jes' called t' shay y' needn's at an i

Broken Rest.

"John," she said, "last night you muttered in your sleep a good deal about 'chips."" "Yes, it must have been some Saratege chip

Love in a Palace.

Omaha World. Prince Alexander (of Bulgaria)-My daring the Lord High Chamberlain tells me that Lord Highfeather told him that Duke Donix told him that Prince Bigbugg told him that Prince Bumarck said I might kiss you just once. Princess Victoria-How pice

A Bappy Thought.

New York Sun. "Bobby," said his mother, sternly, "I pus-ished you only last week for running away, and yet you have done it again to-day. I don't know what I shall do." "Why not give up punishing me, mal suggested Bobby. "It doesn't seem to do any good."

Not That Way Here.

New York Tribune. Judging from this paragraph in "The Wash-ington Critic," politics in Washington are a good deal like politics in this city: First Citizen—I hear Blumengers has gone in-to politics. Is it so! Second Ditto-Yes, he's opened a saloon es the corner.

A Sensible Proposition. San Francisco Post. "Papa will never consent, John." "I'm sorry."
"So am I." "You're a goose."
"Then let's fly."

Same Up There as Here. Boston Courser. St. Peter-Do you want to get inf Applicant-If you please.
St. P.-Do you think you are fit to so in!
A. (besitatingly)-Well, I'm not much of a

St. P .- Oh, that doesn't matter; we have paid choir here to do the singing. Go right in. Evolution Never Stops, Newspaper Canvasser (a few years hones)

Don't you want to subscribe for the Daily American Citizen-No, I've got ne use for 'Don't see how that can be." "Why, you see, I have a private wire of my wn to the base-ball grounds.

"Will you not sing something, Miss Claral he said in a tender tone of voice, "something attuned to the solemn stillness, the wild silence of the "Certainly, Mr. Sampson," she said, and then she seated herself at the piano and wailed

Broken Vows.

"I'm lonely to-night, love, without you."
He had firmly resolved never to touch liques again, but he was he ped to bed that night Looking for Something Choice. New York Sun. "Enny good butter?" inquired an old lady of

the grocer. "There's never any flies on our butter, mad Then the old lady, whose knowledge of Eng-lish is limited, said: "Well, if flies won't eat it, 'taint good 'nonch fer me," and she went across the way where

only the choice brands were sold. The Wicked Reporter's Reward.

St. Peter-You were a wicked reporter, I see, and only went to church when sent there to take sermons. How many sermons did you report Reporter-One a week for twenty years twenty times fifty-two is-twice nought's nought, twice two are four, twice five are ten-

1.040 sermons, sir. "Go over to that fleecy cloud and lie down and rest." "How lone can I stanthered" "Forever.

ASCENSION ISLAND. The Lonely Little Spot from Which England Kept Watch on the Great Napoleon. London Daily Telegraph.

One of the last links which connect this country with what M. Thiers calls the "Napo egend" is about to be snapped. In August 1815. the great Napoleon was transferred from the Bellerophon, on board which ship he had remained since his surrender to Capt. Mattland, at Rochefort, on July 14, to the Northumberland of seventy-four guns, which conveyed him to St. Helens. The transferrer ce of the illustrious prisoner from one ship to the other was of-fected off Start Point on the 7th of August and on the following day the Northumberland, accom-panied by her escorting squadron, sailed for St. Helena, where she arrived on Oct. 15. Shortly before that day the British government, mind-ful of the fact that the French Emperor had already escaped from Elbs, and had been the cause of all the anxiety and bloodshed to which the Hundred Days and the battle of Waterle gave rise, made it evident that they were armly determined not to allow their d repressible captive to get free again. Assert ngly they sent a man-of-war to take po of the Island of Ascension, which is the nearest land to the rock of St. Helena, from which it is separated by 760 miles of water. Ascension lies nearly in the middle of the South Atlantic ocean, about half way between the coast of Africa and that of South America, and is one of the few isolated or single islands on the face of the globe. Like its nearest neighbor, St. Helena, it is a barren and rocky spot originally upheaved from the ocean volcanic action, and tortured by the myste ous torce of subterranean fire into mounts ous peaks and deeply-sunk ravines. The Emperor repeatedly expressed, his conviction to Count Monthelen that if he trusted himself to the tender mercies of French or Italias sailors in an attempt to escape from St. Helesa they would throw him overboard when the book which carried Cassar and his fortunes was fal out at sea. The British government had mad up their minds that no such opportunity evasion should arise. They were well aware of the intrigues, bribes and machinations by which his sister Pauline, the wife of Prince B. had contrived to rescue her brother from h custodians at Elba, and were firmly resolved that they should not be repeated at St. Helena. Among many other steps taken by Lord Liver pool's Ministry to insure the safety of their prisoner the Island of Ascension was seized and held by an English man-of war and its crew in 1815. From that de o this it has remained under the custody of British Admiralty, who have always appoints a naval officer to the command of the island which has been treated as though it were one the war-ships of the Royal Navy. * * * la Ascension there are said to be at this moment no more than 150 inhabitants, all told, cossists ing of English officers, seamen, and marines, with a few Kroomen interspersed among them. The chief exports of the tropical island are turtles and birds' eggs, and, being within the in-

fluence of the southeast trade-winds, its area thirty-eight square miles is blessed with a dr. face of the island there are less than acres under cultivation, and according to a humorous American traveler, recently visited St. Helens and As cension, the product in which ther me abound is rate of extraordinary size and aus abound is rate of extraordinary size ing impudence. It is notorious that Longacon Napoleon's residence at St. Helena, swarms with these ubiquitous rodents, which made and a noise at night that sleep was almost impossible. Writing on Jan. 17, 1817. Barry O'Mann records in his "Voice from St. Helena"—witch. according to Mr. Forsyth, is far from a voice—that, "as Napoleon rose from table and took his hat off the sideboard, a large rat sprang out of it and ran between his legs. The British empire will not molt a single feather of its size and strength by reason of its sur the Island of Ascension as a naval state waste of waters, with a smaller population and

even a quieter and less noticed career. A Sad Thought

Minneapolis Tribune The new elite directory of Chicago contribution over 1,000 names. How terrible it is, when pages to think of it, that "in a whole city is 800,000 people, 799,000 are not fit to asset

purchased with a bottleef H